

Volatile

Machine Head

Fuck the world!
Go!

They never see me coming
Their faces twisted in shock
Now the fools come gunnin'
To put our heads to the block

Sick of the laughter, sick of the pain
Sick of the feeling this feeling of shame
Sick of the white folks privileged and vain
Protesting the culture that isn't the same

Don't blame the false elites
When Nazi assholes march the streets
So call me a hypocrite, call me a fake
It's nothing compared to your pride and your hate

Dead, dead and bloated
These times are volatile
There's no room left for you
Dead, dead and bloated
There's no room left for you
These times are
Volatile (volatile)
Volatile (volatile)
Volatile (volatile)
This world is fuckin' volatile

Fuck the world!

You'll never see me coming

Sick of the racists, sick of this shit
Sick of them telling me it's immigrants
Sick of the phonies on my phone screen
Sick of the NRA trying to scare me

Stop crying innocence
Stop claiming self-defense
Good men won't speak 'cause they're scared of the violence
But bad men keep screaming to fill up the silence

Dead, dead and bloated
These times are volatile
There's no room left for you
Dead, dead and bloated
There's no room left for you
These times are
Volatile (volatile)
Volatile (volatile)
Volatile (volatile)
This world is fuckin' volatile

Break it, smash it, burn it to the ground
Break it, smash it, burn it to the ground
Break it, smash it, burn it to the ground

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Break it, smash it, burn it to the ground

Dead, dead and bloated
These times are volatile
There's no room left for you
Dead, dead and bloated
Life can be so vol-a
Volatile (volatile)
Volatile (volatile)
Volatile
Volatile
Volatile
Volatile
Volatile
Volatile
Volatile
Vo...

Break it, smash it, burn it to the ground
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